

## THE FIRST EPISTLE OF BILL CAUGHELL TO HIS BRETHREN.

MY BRETHREN;—As there is a whole shoal of us down the street, I am determined to write an Epistle to you once in a while, for your edification, as ye are numerous. It will also amuse the Public generally to read letters written by a *cockle*—for a *cockle* you must know, and Bill Cockle in particular, is a queer little fish. He is very inquisitive, always asking questions about the Rebels and Republicans, alias the “*nasty fellows*,” or as they call themselves the “*Liberals*.” Did you, my Brethren, ever know one of these fellows who could procure an unblemished character? Did you ever hear of one who had arrived at the age of twenty-five, who had not some time or other in his life been guilty of some dirty action? Besides being a *Hypocrite*, did not the Republican Merchant leave his creditors in the lurch, just before he came to St. Thomas? How knavishly after he came, did he put off the person who was authorized by those creditors to demand what was due to them? Is not this hypocrite merchant, or as he is sometimes termed “*BELIAL*,” the corruptor of his own offspring, making him a pander to his traitorous purposes? Does he not prostitute his own son by making him patrol the streets of St. Thomas, looking into the yards and windows of houses, and dropping into shops to see who are there, and to hear what they are talking about—in order to report with proper additions to his hypocrite parent, which information the hypocrite parent receives and communicates with further additions to his infidel associates, and which his infidel associates and himself manufacture into calumnies against their neighbours? Has not the spectacled rogue achieved rogueries without number, and within the knowledge of every inhabitant of the Talbot settlement? Is he not an Atheist and a Fanny Wrightist? Has not Corporal Skin, alias the Republican Doctor, committed perjury by endeavoring to overturn the government which he has sworn to support. Did not Black Gabriel run away from his master in the Southern States? Did not Serjeant Editor basely desert his colours when he left the United States army? Is not G. T—ff—y of Delaware an old Blasphemer? And was he not pilloried and pelted with rotten eggs for his blasphemy? Did not B—d—ll’s father escape for his crimes? Did not the American government set a price on his head? And is not his son a chip of the old block? Did not the Radical Englishman of Yarmouth leave England for capital crime? Does not Ryerson calumniate every denomination of Christians whilst he pretends to preach the gospel? Has not his preaching altogether a political tendency? Is it possible to find one among the faction who is not a run-away—a hypocrite—a blasphemer—a calumniator—a rogue—a corrupter of one’s own offspring—or a murderer? Is it not evident that they were compelled for fear of punishment to leave their respective countries? Will the people of this colony submit to be influenced by such base characters? Will the people of this settlement be influenced by a publication conducted by Infidels and Blasphemers? To convince you that it is conducted by such persons—Is not the spectacled rogue an Atheist? Is not the man of rotten eggs notoriety a blasphemer? Is not “*Belial*” a hypocrite? Is not the Quack a Deist? Is not the old hoary Seamster an unbeliever? And is the Serjeant any better? What think ye of this, ye pious Methodists, Baptists, &c. who give your support to the Liberal? It is curious enough, my brethren, to see the “*nasty fellows*” when they pass by on our street. They are obliged to run the gauntlet from the first to the last lot in Yarmouth—for we are so loyal that they will not venture to turn aside from the time they leave the Post Office, lot No. 1., till they arrive at Rebel Robert L.’s. The rogue ventures now and then to peep over his spectacles as he sneaks along; but Corporal Skin, that is to say the Pill Box man, cuts the most ludicrous figure. He seuds along through us *Cockles* like greased lightning, as if he was afraid of catching the Cholera—poor wretch, he need not be afraid, we have too sovereign a contempt for him, to do him any harm. Let us not employ him to kill or cure—because were he called to visit any of our families he would bring his pockets full of the “*Liberal*,” to poison those whom he might fail to kill. The Liberal is the chief drug he carries about with him; but he will find that it is not the sort of bait to catch fish of my description.

BILL CAUGHELL.